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1986

Vol. 34, No. 18, March 12, 1986

University of Michigan Law School

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Recommended Citation

University of Michigan Law School, "Vol. 34, No. 18, March 12, 1986" (1986). *Res Gestae*. Paper 362.
http://repository.law.umich.edu/res_gestae/362

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Senate Hears Groups' Money Requests

By David Purcell

The Law School Student Senate grappled with end of the year financial issues at its meeting Monday night. There were requests for funds from three groups: a law school softball team, the American Indian Law Students Association, and the National Lawyers Guild. The initial funding requests exceeded the money presently in the Senate coffers.

**It's Back, NCAA
Basketball Fans!**

See Page Six

The American Indian Law Society was seeking \$650 for the upcoming American Indian Law Day on April 11. The Senate voted the group \$550 to come from the combined resources of the Speakers Committee and the Senate.

The NLG requested \$800 for its Unemployment Clinic to help defray costs of hiring an attorney for the summer. On a motion of President Russell Smith, the request was tabled for one week so the Senate could get more information on the funds in its budget as the year comes to an end.

In the end of March, the University of Virginia Law School is sponsoring a softball tournament and has invited teams from law schools across the country. A representative of Legal Soul, law school softball champs for

the past two years and university-wide champs last year, requested money to defray the entry fee and some of the expenses of the trip. On a motion by Eric Hard, the Senate voted to pay the \$75 entry fee for Legal Soul, and for any other team of law students wishing to make the trip to Charlottesville for the tournament. HOWEVER, THE MONEY TO Legal Soul carries the condition that the team publicize the tournament and that any team accepting the Senate funds would be expected to help referee at the law school's softball tournament if needed.

President Smith urged the Senate and the students to attend the brown bag lunches, Faculty Forums, and the Upcoming Computing Forum.

Recent events of this type have been poorly attended.



Pres. Russell Smith

Was That The Sun?

The Res Gestae

Vol. 34, No. 18

The University of Michigan Law School

Pickens Calls for Accountable Managers

By Steve Hunter

T. Boone Pickens, one of the giants of the corporate arena, spoke to a packed house in Room 100 last Friday. Pickens, who is the Chief Executive Officer of Mesa Oil Co., spoke to the audience about accountability of management and restructuring of corporate America.

Pickens told the crowd how he liked college campuses and the enthusiasm he finds there. Although a reference to Harvard brought hisses, he said that most college students are alike in that they all "want a good job, a good standard of living."

From there, the talk moved to the accountability of management and the restructuring of corporate America. He commented on the decline of shareholder interest in the day-to-day workings of companies, and stressed that stockholders own the company and that management are the company's employees. But, Pickens argued, because of the decline in shareholder interest, management performance "has gotten progressively poorer."

They really believe that they own these companies." Pickens added that anti-takeover steps such as "greenmail" and "poison pill" measures clearly show how weak management is.

With regard to his own role in management, the Mesa CEO stated, "we will not spend one dime to protect my job" and added "there will be no golden parachute." Pickens, however, admitted that he would make one demand if Mesa were taken over: "If you release me at two o'clock on the last day, I want to be paid till five, because you will truly have ruined my day," he said.

Pickens went on to criticize the lack of ownership incentives among the management of many corporations. He explained that of the 200 largest corporations in America, management owns less than 3/10 of 1% of the stock. Some members of boards of directors have no stock. Consequently, the sale price of stock is of little concern to cor-

see PICKENS, page four

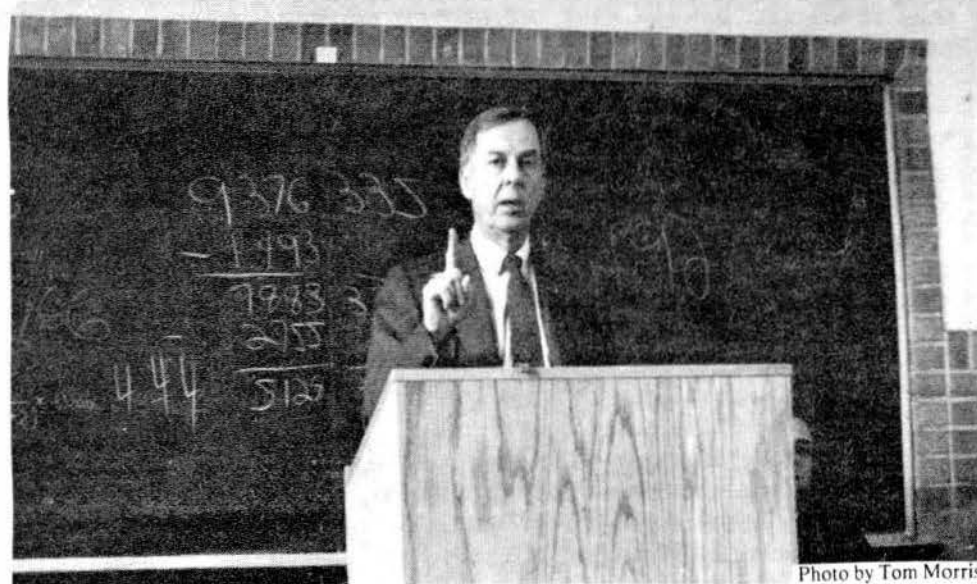


Photo by Tom Morris

T. Boone Pickens. Could a takeover of Hutchins Hall be next?

Student Part-time Jobs go beyond Library

By Linda Kim
and Steve Hunter

Part-time jobs. The thought brings to mind boring library work and tedious memos for many law students, but for a few of the gainfully employed, jobs mean an interesting alternative to law.

For example, first-year Jeff Bergida has found a way to turn his sports fanaticism into a profitable venture, while still finding time for the rigors of law school.

As a stringer for the Associated Press, Bergida covered all the home games of the U of M basketball team this year. This involved submitting three stories for every game: a 200-word summary which had to be called in as the buzzer sounded, another 200-word story shortly after which consisted mainly of quotes from players and coaches, and a 400-to-500-word article called in later which had more of

a featurish angle.

For the first stories, Bergida said the most important thing was to be fast. "AP competes against UPI and generally papers will just take whichever comes first," he said. "It's really different than working for a local paper because they want you to sacrifice quality for speed."

For the longer stories, though, Bergida said the emphasis was on finding a new angle to the game for the afternoon papers, since most people would have heard the score already.

Bergida didn't get into this line of work for the money or out of any burning loyalty to AP. He had spent two years covering the basketball team for the Michigan Daily and said he got used to sitting in the press box, which is about ten rows up from the floor. So when he found out what bad seats he was assigned when he bought student tickets at the ticket

center, he called the AP person in charge of southeast Michigan sports and asked if he needed someone to cover the games.

But the guaranteed seats to every game, the free parking and the free lunch at half-time aren't the only things Bergida enjoys about this job. "I like writing a lot," he said. "I almost went into sports writing instead of law, but there weren't any jobs."

Although he doesn't get a byline on the things he writes, Bergida said he tries to keep track of where his stories show up, through friends in other cities and by looking for them in the papers at the journalism library. His stories have appeared in USA Today, The New York Times, and the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Working as a writer for a wire service does have its drawbacks, however. "I'm supposed to be impartial," he said, and write stories ob-

jectively. "At the Daily it didn't matter because the only people who would read it were from Michigan." Bergida added that no one is supposed to cheer in the press box, which makes it hard sometimes when you want to root for your team.

The games also occasionally cut into Bergida's law school life. He said he puts in about five hours altogether on a game day, and there were 20 home games this season. "There was a game the night before my Civil Procedure final," he said, "and I didn't feel right about asking someone to cover for me. All I could think about all night was that exam."

But Bergida plans to keep writing for AP, covering football next year and possibly baseball this summer. "Law school isn't

see STUDENT, page four

Res Gestae

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The Res Gestae is published every Wednesday during the regular school year by students at the University of Michigan Law School. Opinions expressed in bylined articles are those of their authors, and do not necessarily represent the opinion of the editorial staff. Articles may be reprinted by permission provided the author and this newspaper are credited and notified. Mailing address: 408 Hutchins Hall, University of Michigan Law School, Ann Arbor, MI 48109-1215. Phone: (313) 763-0333.

Ignore Harvard

Harvard Law School has announced that it will begin to publish a faculty-edited law journal. In doing so, Harvard joins the list of other law schools, like Chicago and Duke, that have decided to publish such a journal.

We know of no plans to begin a faculty-edited journal here, but where Harvard goes, other schools are apt to follow. We feel that it would be a mistake for Michigan to follow Harvard's lead.

In the January 16, 1986 edition of the Harvard Law Record, Professor Tribe (who will be the first editor-in-chief of the new journal) gave two reasons for the publication.

First, students are not knowledgeable enough to evaluate the worthiness of faculty submissions. As Tribe puts it, "Students are less able to know a great advance when they see it." Secondly, the journal simply would provide an additional forum for faculty articles.

For one, the last thing the legal community needs is another law review. As a casual review of sub-three will prove, there are already billions of them. If professors feel that Wayne State's law review is not good enough for them, they should consider that the prestige of "second-tier" publications would rise if such journals got articles from Harvard or Michigan professors.

We also feel that faculty-edited publications would erode the prestige and circulation of the student-edited journals. This could cause some student publications to fold, thus robbing students of the valuable experience of being involved in a publication.

Worst of all, faculty editors probably would not have the time to teach, as is the case with Tribe. We've heard from friends that Tribe's Con Law class is the most popular at Harvard. It would be a shame if one of our most popular professors (no names) decided to abandon teaching to take a prestigious editorial position.

We feel there are less destructive ways to deal with the problems the faculty have with student editing. The best solution would be for professors to pitch in, to become more involved with the editing process. Not only would this solve the problem of the students' limited expertise, but it also would force students and faculty to work together.

Our law school is not without influence. If Michigan's faculty resists this trend, then maybe other schools will ignore Harvard's move. We feel that our faculty should place a vote of confidence in their students by refusing to start publishing their own journal.

And if the space shortage becomes chronic, we will be happy to accept submissions of any scholarly articles, with proper cite form, of course.

Letters

Clerkships Available For Many

To the Editor:

This letter is primarily directed at those of you who like the idea of clerking for a judge, but don't think you have the "necessary" credentials. We think that students at Michigan are inculcated with the view that only federal clerkships are worth having, and that you have to be an outstanding student at Michigan to get a clerkship. We are both 1985 graduates, clerking on the Fourth Circuit and the D. C. Court of Appeals, and enjoying our experiences. Neither of us got our clerkships via the usual process or with the usual slate of credentials, so we thought we would share our methods with you.

We're not saying that it doesn't help to have high grades and publication experience. Of course it does. But the perspective is a little different from outside Hutchins Hall. For one thing, Michigan is an extremely good school, and lots of judges would like to have applications from Michigan students. Unfortunately, Michigan students seem to forget about certain areas of the country. There are judges between the Mississippi River and California. There are also judges south of the Mason-Dixon line.

Or, if you insist on staying in the east, or in the city, there are alternatives to the federal courts. For example, the D.C. Court of Appeals — the appellate court for D.C. — hires 24 clerks a year. Each of the nine judges has two clerks, the senior judges get two clerks, and there are three motions clerks. The judges are appointed by the president, and approved by Congress like federal judges, but the court functions like a state supreme court. Appeals from it are taken to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Other D.C. courts include the Claims Court, the Court of Appeals for the Federal Circuit, and the Tax Court. The local trial court in D.C. is reputed to one of the best in the nation.

Both of us got our clerkships late because our judges are recent appointees. Recently appointed judges will always be behind in hiring for a while. U.S. Law Week lists all the new nominations and confirmations of federal judges, so you might start there. Local bar associations and the chief judges of local courts can give you information on new nominees in their areas.

Hiring for clerkships is a fluky process, no matter what, and a lot often depends upon the fit of personalities. That means you shouldn't take it personally if you don't get a clerkship, but it also means that a judge may consider things other than grades.

Finally, you might want to think about the difference between trial courts and appellate courts. Obviously, if you want to litigate, you would learn a lot more about the process on a trial court. At an appellate court you will spend most of your time reading and writing — trial court clerks get to talk on the phone a lot more, and usually have much more hectic schedules day to day. Depending on your temperament, that may or may not be a plus.

Anyhow, what we're saying is: if you want to clerk, go for it. Eventually you'll have to figure out what to do with your life, but clerking postpones that evil day.

The placement office has letters from both of us which give more details about our courts and clerkships. If you want additional information, please call or write:

Ruth Milkman
11 Altamont Circle #25
Charlottesville, VA 22901
(804) 296-7063 (w)
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Laura Kelsey Rhodes
Chamber of Judge Steadman
D.C. Court of Appeals
500 Indiana Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20001
(202) 879-2786

Westlaw, Lexis to Remain in Sub-Two

To the Editor:

Your coverage of the proposal to put a microcomputer facility, controlled by the Computing Center, in the Law Library Addition has been quite good. However, one item may be misleading: "That the facility would expand access to Westlaw and Lexis."

The law School pays a flat, reduced rate for each service. At that rate, the vendors, not the University, control access. Only very recently did the vendors allow access by more than one terminal at each law school. Neither the vendors' mainframes nor their profit margins can cope with larger numbers of student users. They are not at all willing to move their data bases onto the University's computer. In short, the Law School doesn't need the microcomputer

facility to improve access to Westlaw and Lexis; and even with the micro-facility, access could not be greater than it shortly will be.

Student need for more Lexis and Westlaw access is great. The Library will shortly make possible access to both Lexis and Westlaw through two of the microcomputers in the Computer-Assisted Legal Research Room, S-236, in addition to the two dedicated terminals there. Access to Westlaw and Lexis is most useful in Law Library space, where skilled assistance and related material are close at hand.

Sincerely,

Margaret A. Leary
Director

Useless Phrases For Our Time

By Reid J. Rozen

It was just a matter of time. First, they teach the entire student body how to use Lexis and Westlaw, and then someone comes along, abusing the privilege and ruining it for everybody else.

I feel so bad.

Let me explain. It started innocently enough. Going through a search that would have daunted Lewis and Clark, I came across a case which, in my drowsy state, stuck me as important. Apparently, a maladroit mariner tried to convince a district court that his ship was unseaworthy because, after bending down to grasp something, he stood up and hit his head on a shelf. The court, however, remained unconvinced that the fortuitous placement of the shelf made the vessel any less seaworthy, and dismissed the complaint.

Something inside me snapped. If a computer can turn up a legal gem like this one purely by chance, I thought, just imagine the possibilities for the diligent researcher who intentionally sought out the bizarre, the unusual, and the strange. Broad, unexplored vistas of the law immediately opened up before me. I stood at the edge of a brave new world; my vision extending to the outer reaches of the legal galaxy, the key to unlocking its secrets literally at my fingertips. I sat breathless; with no Baedeker's to guide me through this judicial wilderness, I waited for a sign,

"Dog hair." How many federal cases mention the phrase "dog hair?" Others may probe for the grand truths of jurisprudence, but I alone will possess a familiarity with all the federal cases which mention the phrase "dog hair." "So this is how Columbus felt," I thought to myself, "as he started on his long voyage of discovery."

Six cases later, I waxed triumphant. But I was not satisfied. I needed more. The thirst for knowledge was insatiable. "So this is how Richard Burton felt," I thought to myself, "as he started on his long voyage to alcoholism."

How many California cases contain the word "vomit?" Two-hundred-and-three. How many military opinions mention the words "kill" and "communist" in the same sentence? Two. How many cases are contained in the Southeastern Reporter and contain the phrase "marsh gas?" I thought you'd never ask. One.

The experience left me disillusioned but wiser. The law, I realized, is not confined to the dreary, ivy-covered textbooks of law school. Rather, it embraces the real world in its arms, touching on every aspect of life from school prayer and the exclusionary rule to dog hair and vomit.

Law is a pervasive element in society — perhaps too pervasive. Like it or not, however, it's out there, and someone is going to have to deal with it. I guess if there is a moral to this story, therefore, it's this: as you walk down the path of law, take time to stop and smell the marsh gas. Or something like that.

Opinion

SFF Allows Public Interest Summers

By Matt Gluckman

In the coming days you will be asked to make a pledge to support the Student Funded Fellowship campaign (SFF), so that your fellow students who wish to take public interest, i.e., no paying or low-paying summer jobs, can do so without starving. I'll leave it for others to lay on the guilt trip about half a day's corporate firm pay will support an SFF recipient for the whole summer, or how it is your moral duty as lawyers to support us high-minded idealists who are unwilling to get a real job. Instead, for the benefit of those of you unfamiliar with the public interest mindset or perhaps secretly harboring thoughts of pursuing something other than a traditional law firm career, I would like to share my experience in finding an internship with a public interest environmental legal organization, made possible by SFF.

From the very beginning, I knew that mine was not to be the conventional law school experience. Thoughts of working for a large private law firm had never really entered my mind. After all, I had just graduated from U-M's School of Natural Resources and wanted to go into environmental law. As the interview season kicked into high gear that first fall, my classmates began tossing around

names of firms with the greatest of ease, while my anxiety level grew. With much reluctance and skepticism, I eventually joined them, as it seemed like the thing to do. And while many of the interviews were actually interesting, trying to envision myself working in that situation left me cold — a feeling which was evidently picked up by the interviewers.

Turning to plan B, government and public interest environmental jobs. I knew this was the area where I had much more to offer; this is what I wanted to do. The problem, of course, was money, or more accurately, the lack of money. While I realize experiences are important in themselves, I couldn't see working as a volunteer all summer, even if it meant having a fantastic learning experience, if it meant becoming an even bigger burden on my parents.

With SFF I didn't have to make such a decision. No, I didn't make huge amounts of money, or even enough to pay for this school year. I did, however, support myself for the summer, while gaining a valuable learning experience along the way. Because of SFF, I was able to take an internship with the Connecticut Fund for the Environment (CFE), a highly-regarded state level environmental legal

action organization based in New Haven, Conn. While there, I worked on a number of ongoing cases covering a range of environmental issues, including wetlands development, groundwater contamination from hazardous wastes and coastal zone management. At the same time, I gained a greater understanding of the role the public interest organization plays in the strengthening and enforcement of our environmental laws.

Due to the small size of the organization, I was able to receive substantial first-hand attention from the two staff attorneys, and was given responsibilities over and above traditional legal research, including frequent contacts with clients, technical experts and governmental agency staff. Aside from these practical lessons, and perhaps more importantly, I saw that public interest environmental law is a viable career goal, and an area practiced by highly competent and deeply concerned individuals who do not regret what tradeoffs they may have made.

What would I have done last summer had I not been able to get an SFF? Certainly I would not have been able to work at CFE or any similar environmental organization. Beyond that, I'm just glad I didn't have to find out.



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Student Juggles Medical & Legal Codes

from page one

going to get any tougher so I figure I'll keep doing it," he said. "I'd be going to the games anyway so it's just a matter of writing it up."

Second-year Dan Pelekoudas also has a basketball related position as a color commentator for the Great Lakes Radio Network, (WPAG, 107 FM for evening games, 1050 AM for afternoon games). Pelekoudas covers all of the Wolverine basketball games, both home and away, a job he is well suited for as a Wolverine guard and current graduate assistant for the team.

According to Pelekoudas, landing the job was mostly luck. "It was sort of a fluke really," he explained. He happened to be in the press box one day and he was offered the job. Previously, he had done a basketball post-game talk show on another radio station, but "nothing really live or play-by-play."

The former Wolverine was then teamed with Doug Fischer, the play-by-play man, to do Michigan basketball games. According to Pelekoudas, the radio work "is really a challenge. You sort of have to respond right

away and there is a lot of give and take." He explained that you always have to be ready with something to say whenever there is a break in the play-by-play, but added that he and partner Fischer "work pretty well together," and that "you sort of develop a gift for gab."

Although traveling to do away basketball games takes time, Pelekoudas said that so far his part-time job hasn't been a burden. Comparing the travel to interviewing and flybacks, Pelekoudas said that after the first-year of law school "you're sort of used to juggling time."

Aside from the travel, there is not a lot of homework involved in the broadcasting position. Preparation involves mainly "keeping up with the standings" Pelekoudas said. "Most of the coaches are still the same. As far as Michigan goes, I know all the players."

The former Big Ten player would like to keep on doing his radio work next year, and perhaps beyond then. "I really like it a lot" he said, adding that working in law locally

and continuing to do Michigan games after law school is "possible."

In contrast to Bergida and Pelekoudas is Charlie Grassie, a first-year who has a job that has nothing to do with basketball. Grassie is an emergency-room doctor both at St. Joseph's hospital in Ann Arbor, and at another hospital in Lima, Ohio. Grassie's part-time job was formerly his full-time job. "I worked ER's full-time for about five-and-a-half years before coming to law school," Grassie worked in Lima then, and still works there part-time, using a private plane to commute back and forth.

While Grassie admits that being an ER doctor is "a pretty fair amount" of work, he adds that "It's not as much pressure as you might think." The work involves some hum-drum aspects, such as stitching cuts. There are, however, bizarre people there and sometimes violent people, according to Grassie. Also, on a typical night there might be a "code" or one or two bad accidents, which keep him very busy.

As for law school, Grassie doesn't feel the

first-year pressure that some students do. "My life isn't hanging on it" he explained, "this was just icing on the cake." As an established professional, Grassie has a lucrative career to fall back on should law not work out.

The first-year student is extremely busy, though, even if he isn't under a lot of pressure. Working four 8-hour shifts at St. Joe's every month, plus two weekends in Lima, Ohio, Grassie must also find time to study for his specialty boards. But somehow he manages, and added "I don't know that I'd do much more if I had the time."

When asked to compare his law school experience with medical school, Grassie said they're "not comparable at all. Both are stressful, but in completely different ways." One likeness that Grassie saw was that there "a good share of malignant professors in both places."

As for a future career in law and medicine, Grassie said "I really don't know where I'm going to go from here. The range of possibilities is limitless."

Pickens: Exxon is a Very, Very Large Company

from page one

Citing the example of General Electric's take over of RCA, Pickens explained that the deal was made almost "over the weekend" by a chairman of the board virtually "a few hours from retirement." The Mesa Oil founder claimed that the price of RCA's stock was too low and that no one else had an opportunity to bid. He also cited analysts' reports that rated the worth of the RCA stock at more than it was purchased for. But since the chairman of RCA owned only 6100 shares of stock, Pickens explained, the price of it was of less concern to him than his consultant's fee use of the company condo and use of the executive aircraft, which the chairman retained after his retirement.

Pickens made it clear that he would not comment on companies in which he did not own stock, but that he had been an RCA stockholder at the time of the GE merger, and that he was also a TWA stockholder. As a stockholder in TWA, he remarked that the former board of directors, after a recent takeover, received lifetime passes from them and their families on TWA flights, first-class, and with the ability to bump paying customers. This, Pickens feels, is another example of a poor business decision on the part of management that resulted from the non-accountability of management.

He then distinguished himself. "Ninety percent of my net worth is in the company where I work" Pickens explained. "Frankly, I'd just as soon bet on me as anyone I know."

Since the "my company" attitude of many corporate managers has gone too far, according to Pickens, he suggested that stockholders should decide whether or not to accept a takeover bid. He expressed the opinion that the current proxy system is faulty, since the management counts the proxy ballots. Contending that management will sometimes tamper with the vote tally, the Oklahoma State geology major suggested instead that Big 8 accounting firms be employed to count the proxy ballots, and thereby avoid any tampering.

Pickens also proposed doing away with dual classes of stock, stating that "one share one vote" is the only logical way to have shareholder representation. As a final measure, Pickens proposed that any "poison pill" provision employed by a corporation to avoid takeovers be voted on once a year by the stockholders. Such restructuring, Pickens said, would add to productivity by increasing efficiency.

The talk was then followed by questions from the audience. One student asked Pickens how he picked a takeover target. Pickens explained that he liked to keep to the oil industry, since that is the area he knows well. When asked to comment on Exxon Corporation, Pickens replied "I think it's a very, very large company."

One of Pickens' closing notes was that a person need not abandon his or her principles to succeed in business. "You do not have to cheat to win. I promise you," Pickens said.

Crease Ball Coming Soon

By Kacheo Kimmell

The 40th consecutive annual Crease Ball will be held on April 11 at the Michigan League Ballroom 9:00 pm to 1:00 am. There will be an open bar, light refreshments, and live entertainment.

For those students and faculty members who don't know, the Crease Ball is the annual semi-formal dance sponsored by the Barristers Society. The dance was first held sometime around 1904 when the Barristers were originally formed. The Barristers discontinued the dance for a period of time, but it was revived in 1947, and has been held every year since.

The name "Crease Ball" comes from the idea that this is the one time of the year that

law students emerge from the depths of the stacks all spiffed up and ready to party, complete with fresh creases down the front of their trousers. Traditionally, the faculty was invited to attend the dance via "Raw Review" style posters posted around the Law School. For 35¢ a law student could get the Ann Arbor Police to subpoenae his date to appear on the evening of the dance.

Today, the faculty members receive more formal invitations. Law students personally serve their dates with the mock summons they receive with the purchase of a ticket to the Crease Ball. Many students enjoy dinners before the dance and parties afterward, so start making your plans now.

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ELECTIONS WILL BE HELD ON MARCH 31

Notices

Law Revue Sign-up: Persons or groups interested in performing in the 1986 Law Revue must sign up by Saturday, March 15, on the L.S.S.S. Bulletin Board. Auditions will be held shortly thereafter. Lights, camera, action...

Civil Rights Debate "Picketers vs. Patients of Abortion Clinics: Whose Civil Rights are Paramount?" A debate between Frank Shoichet - former Ann Arbor Human Rights Party leader who is now an attorney in Seattle - and Mark Brewer - member of the Board of the Detroit ACLU. Monday, March 17th at 7:30 p.m. in Room 116 of Hutchins Hall. Free. Co-sponsors: ACLU, IGLS, NLG, the Voice of Reason, WLSA, Women's Studies Program. "This is one of the hottest and knottiest current issues for civil libertarians." - Jean King, Ann Arbor attorney.

SENIOR JUDGE APPLICATIONS for 1986-87 are now available from the receptionist on the third floor of Hutchins Hall. Applications must be submitted by Wednesday, March 19, 1986.

Due to the Cooley Lectures, the March 11 Faculty Forum has been rescheduled. Please note the revised series dates.

Monday, March 24, 4:00-5:30. Assoc. Professor Alex Aleinikoff. Topic: Immigration.

Thursday, April 10, 4:00-5:30. Visiting Professor Charles Wilkinson. Topic: Western Resource Powers.

Tuesday, April 15, 4:00-5:30. Professor Fred Schauer. Topic: Precedent.

New CALI disks. One of these, Westlaw Query Formulation, could be useful in Westlaw Training. The exercise takes 30-45 minutes to complete. There are 5 copies on reserve at the MAIN DESK. The other new disks are Rules of Professional Conduct, Rattle of the Firms (UCC-2-207), Recognitional Picketing (Sec. 8 (B) (7) of NLR Act), Citation Form, and Statute of Frauds. All of these are listed in the Course Reserve Book under Computer Software. You can use these disks on the Zeniths in S-236.

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Sports

Class dismissed! NCAA finals are here

Tournament Madness

Sparks

RG Contest

By Scott Kalt and Joel Herz

Who cares if oral argument for our case club briefs is on the same day as the NCAA Tournament Basketball Final? Not us. Find for the appellee by default judgment because we're off to Dallas.

The trip begins on Friday in Minneapolis as our Wolverines take on the highly touted Akron Zips. After a predicted matchup against former Michigan coach Johnny Orr's Iowa State Cyclones, it's on to Kemper Arena in Kansas City. With two wins there, we'll drive with our Wolverines straight to Dallas.

But before we go anywhere, we've got to fill out our RG NCAA CONTEST entry forms. That's right, the annual contest is upon us again and this could be your lucky year. The rules should be familiar: You simply affix your name, year, phone, and deposit it in the box outside room 100 by 10:30 tomorrow. Only one entry per person please.

Entrants receive one point for each correct first round prognostication, two points for each winning call in the second round, three in the third, etc. With any luck, and some help to our scorers, you will be able to follow the weekly results here in the RG.

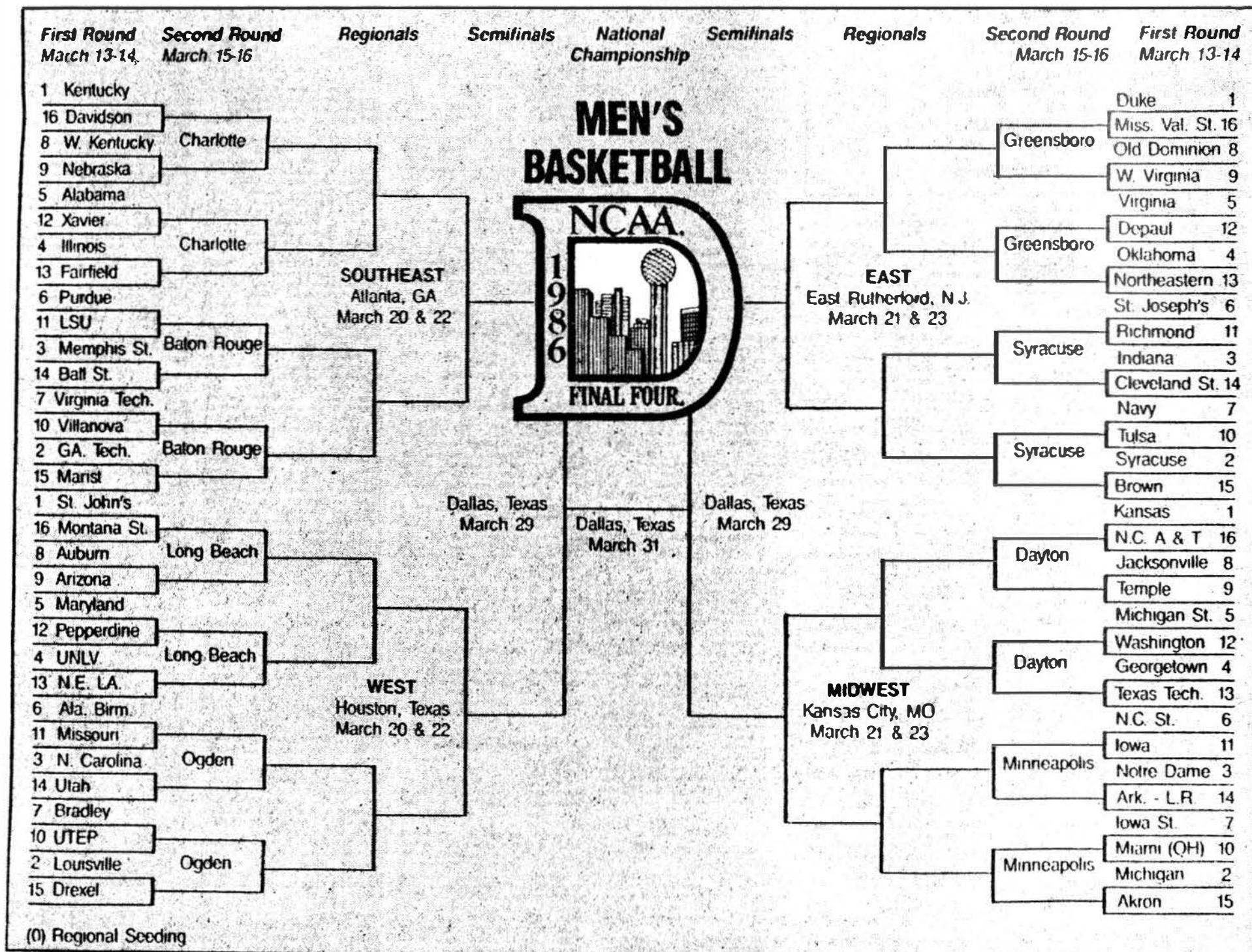
As usual, there is no entry fee and the prizes are media recognition and something to be announced. Special awards may be considered for law student completing the documented hours of TV viewing.

Early predictions from around the law school include Dean Sandalow's picking "the Well Hung Jury" to take it all. When informed that the winner of this year's intra-law school basketball tournament was not extended an invitation to the field of 64, he became outraged and threatened to boycott the tournament. First year student Dave Goret, when asked for his prediction, could only mumble four words. "Duke, Dallas, Dawkins and Domination."

And now for some real predictions. Swami Kalt sees Michigan, Kentucky, Syracuse and Louisville in the Final Four, with Michigan taking it all. Guru Herz likes Kansas, St. John's, Syracuse, and Kentucky with Kansas taking the national championship. Sorry Duke fans, you peaked too early. Good luck to all, and we'll see you when we get back from Dallas.



This contest is a proven favorite with RG readers so please don't take too many extra copies to try and sneak in various predictions under names of known basketball haters. If you really think you've got hot tips, there are plenty of other pools around, including the one run by SK Enterprises, that pay off much better than this contest



Arts

The Color Purple is Lacking in Tone

By A.D. MacLin

If you take the view that fine art arises out of fine tension, perhaps you ought to reconsider seeing this film. Steven Spielberg relegated little to chance in *The Color Purple* — and the resulting lack of artful ambiguity strikes one much as would a sandbag dropped from a second-story window. If you're into neanderthalism, fear not: this film is uncontaminated by subtlety.

Near the start of *The Color Purple* we find Celie, our heroine, walking toward the house of her new husband, 'Mister'. By way of welcome one of Mister's brats heaves a stone at his new mom and tells her. As the wounded Celie picks herself up she braces herself on a large rock. She staggers away and we, the viewers, are left to contemplate that rock — on which we find a faultlessly articulated bloody handprint just as bright red and comic-book like as the day that Spielberg had it painted there: no foolish risk taker, he.

Despite generally disappointing directing, a few moments in this two-hour plus film do shine. These are borne of raw emotion and are translated faithfully onto cellulose — as when Celie smiles properly for what one suspects is the first time in married life. Spielberg could spend profitable hours analyzing these scenes and figuring out for future reference why they worked.

This production is what one would expect

from a collaboration of Disney Studios and the editorial board of *The New Republic*. It tries hard to present convincingly a story of Blacks in the rural South in the early 1900s. The effort falls short of its cinematic mark partly because the product is noticeably the work of outsiders.

The cover story of a recent issue of *Ms.* magazine reported that some who have expressed dismay over *Purple's* directing would have preferred to have women make this film from start to finish. That might have helped to redeem the story. What would have been even more helpful is the greater artistic participation of people who both knew early twentieth-century Black American culture from the inside and could and would exert enough force to check Spielberg's more Disneylike impulses. Instead we got Quincy Jones taking care of the music and Steven Spielberg indulging in cinematographic excess. Well, the music's pretty good, and the tone is not consistently right.

One supposes that some of the defects from which this film suffers are traceable to the difficulties of translating the text of Alice Walker's Pulitzer Prize winning book — which is a collection of Celie's letter to God — into a movie. But in the end one must acknowledge that this adaptation posed a screenwriting challenge like many others. *Purple's* screenwriter, a Scandinavian whose

first language is not English, did a creditable job. But in light of the film's other deficiencies, creditable wasn't enough.

Whoever is to blame, the result is that many of the denizens of the world that this story depicts emerge as stereotypes or caricatures. In one gratuitous little scene after Celie has left home, Mister's old father tells him that what Mister needs to do is get himself another wife. Mister reacts in the best tradition of sitcom, showing his father the door in the excessively self-monitoring fashion of a character that we'd expect to find on Soap.

And something else that can drive you up a movie-house wall: *Purple's* plot traffics in loose ends. As the story progresses we meet a host of sorely underdeveloped characters who manage neither to enrich the story in their own right nor to bring out worthwhile information about other characters. Not even Whoopie Goldberg's cogent acting can save this frustrating storytelling from itself.

Why, you may ask, is the film called *The Color Purple*? Why not? Somewhere I heard that it's because of the fields of purple flowers that Celie and her younger sister used to run through in their childhood. The problem with this theory is that those flowers — we meet a sea of them in the first scene — aren't purple but pink. I am willing to suspend my disbelief of a lot in this film — that in three decades, for example, while more or less everyone else

has turned grey, Celie's slightly younger sister never ages past adolescence. But there's a limit. As any bubble-gum chewer can verify, pink is not purple.

Another explanation of the film's title is that purple, a color long associated with certain feminist passions, is meant to be emblematic of Celie's struggles as a woman. This theme seems too underdeveloped and awkwardly handled for it to lay rightful claim to the film's title. Then again, maybe it's just what *Purple's* creators had in mind.

The creators certainly appear to have gone to lengths to make sure that the audience not miss the underlying feminist theme: when Celie tells her brutal husband that she's leaving him, spontaneously and for no plot-based reason a peripheral character announces cheerfully that she, too, is leaving home. For good measure Spielberg has a long depressed relative of Celie's testify about her own oppression, praise Celie's speech, and — healed — proceed to eat everything in sight. I suppose we ought to be grateful that Mr. Spielberg didn't also have her tap dance on the table just to EMPHASIZE THE SALUTORY EFFECTS OF LIBERATION!!

The simplest explanation of the film's title is that just as certain writing is described most accurately as purple prose, so too is this film characterized aptly as purple cinema

CROSSWORD

By Joseph Mazzaresse

ACROSS

1. Roman
1. Roman 156
5. Change
10. Opening
14. Ogle
15. Carried
16. Arab chief
17. Lodges
18. Detroit team
19. Ebb or neap
20. College sports group
21. Retreat
22. One quizzed
24. Stab
26. Casual
27. Woman's name
30. Not home
31. Woman's name
34. Fictional shepherd's
37. Metal source
38. Dessert, sometimes
39. Single

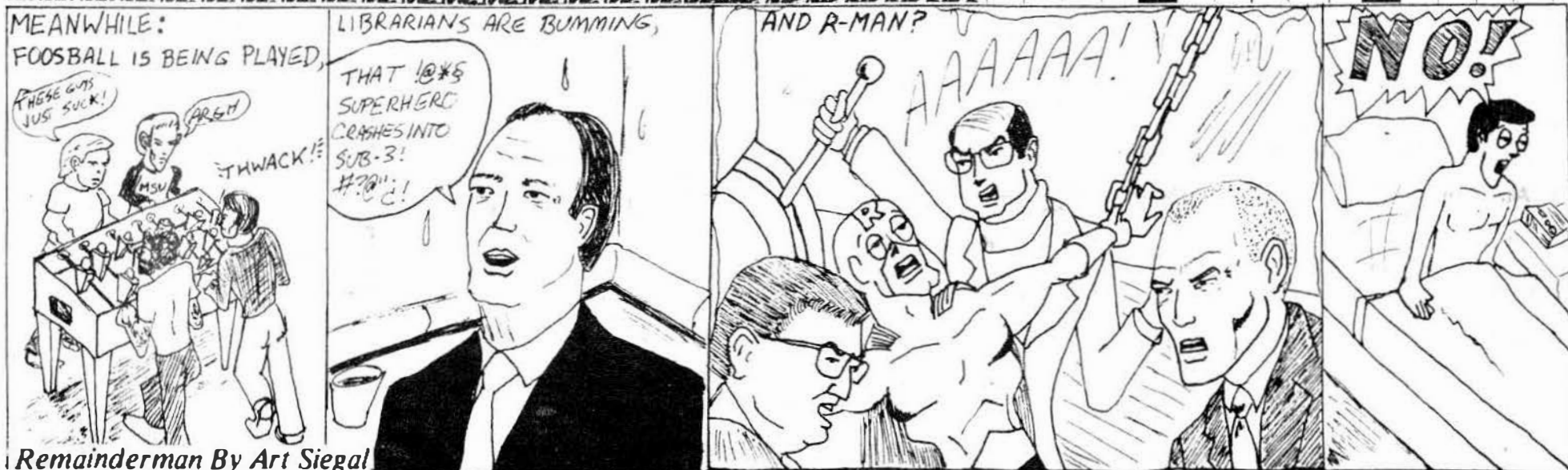
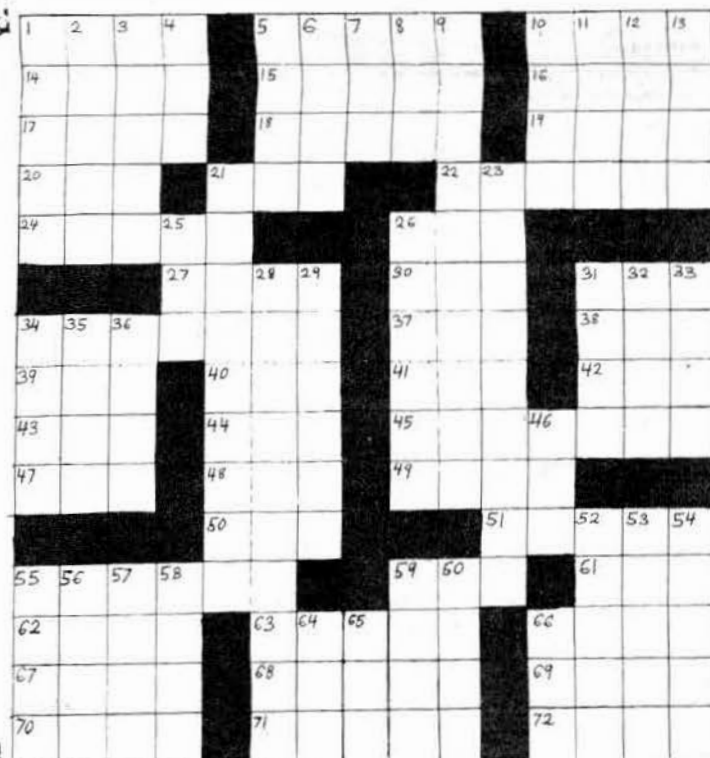
40. George Burns role
41. Male
42. Chemical ending
43. Possessive pronoun
44. Devoured
45. Guaranteed
47. Parcel
48. Bind
49. Mix
50. Mental power
51. More repulsive
55. Evaluate
59. Top pilot
61. Before
62. Plot
63. Fleshy throat protrusion
66. Center line
67. Beach component
68. Pinter's equipment
69. Parasites
70. Bacon's companions
71. Metal alloy

72. Law exams, to start

DOWN

1. Metallic sound
2. Big shot, in 1917
3. Twenty (Italian)
4. Dreaded agency
5. Fit
6. Cut of meat
7. Emergency court order
8. Printer's measure
9. Food spot
10. Strokes
11. Delete
12. Astronaut
12. Astronaut Sally
13. Big plant
21. Congressmen
23. Widespread
25. Lawyer's aim
26. Man's name

28. Lawyer's skill (2 words)
29. Before "as the ocean"
31. Copycat
32. Baseball team
33. Necessity
34. Cook, in a way
35. Preposition
36. Unwanted guest
46. Russian name
52. Lawyer's aid
53. Women's name
54. Put back
55. Church part
56. Smelting product
57. Vocalized
58. Termini
59. Away from the wind
60. Telephone
64. Tank
65. Employ
66. Everybody



Remainderman By Art Siegal

Feature

Mullen Ponders Chariots of the Quads

By Bob Mullen

Swirling gases coalescing over eons and lightyears into magnificently hot magma and mush, cyclically altering form, recombining, emerging as matter shaped into bizarre, heaving configurations by the clash and flow of tectonic movement, sculpted glacially and fine-tuned through ages of elemental buffeting. Such was formed the Law Quad.

Or was it.

Seen from ground level, the Quad seems a meaningless hodgepodge of walkways and marshland. Recent aerial photographs, however, have availed the scientific community of a peculiar insight. At an altitude of several miles the walkways form a field of ten triangles, the very configuration upon which the ancient Patagonians played pick-up football to please their deities, and coincidentally,

the international symbol of "top-ten law school," the vertices of each triangle, of course, representing students, faculty, and number of volumes. Landing pad for extra-terrestrials? The thought has entered the minds of now a few cosmologists of repute, whose eyes are caught equally by the fortress-like structure of the "Club." This, they say, might well have served to shield our visitors from both observation and potential hostility.

Buy why an incomplete fortress? Why the open southeast corner? Aerospace experts have pointed to the simple necessity of a landing entry for what may well be "cruising" rather than the traditionally conjectured "hovering" vehicles.

Geological evidence lies in Crater Lake, that enduring body of water over what School officials claim stupidly to be a "drain," but whose depths have truly never been plumbed nor fully explored. It is unquestionable that an ancient and fateful explosion on lift-off could have created precisely this type of crater; some have suggested even regular launchings from this locale to be capable of creating such a depression.

Admittedly, the "Club's" actual location in time and space has puzzled architects and archaeologists alike since time immemorial. Statisticians have calculated that the likelihood that this grandiose anomaly was actually fashioned by hands of primal mid-westerners is in fact slightly less than that of its actually not existing at all, with a little help from mass-hallucination. What slaves to haul its stone over the ocean and forest? What Turkish noble to call for its spires? What athletic visionary to sculpt its gargoyles? What zoning board to turn its head? Easter Island is a tough one. Stonehenge has its snags; the Law Club, it baffles.

Few can agree on the significance of the gargoyles. One theory posits the visitation of a race of dwarf-like pendants, whose sole aim, perhaps, was to propagate here a breed in its image. Another asserts quite contrarily the ancient subjugation of such types, by the aliens, and their subsequent derision through baroque caricature. As to the lone faces that will emote foolishly into perpetuity, it is the sad conclusion of most that ritual beheadings were at one time the rule, though whether due to simple pagan sacrifice or to the visitors in-

tolerance of silliness and other threatening postures remains in dispute.

Anthropologists have pointed to living evidence of visitation. One startling phenomenon they refer to is the almost daily pilgrimage of the aboriginal population to the heart of the "Club," even though it's *not* their library.

As to the library itself, officials are uncertain whether anyone, in recent times, has attempted to decipher the myriad "foreign" volumes that dwell within. Alien guidebooks to existence on earth? To the domination of control of its life forms? Of the law? More than some sociologist holds this collection solely responsible for the legal profession's steady alienation from the public it serves. Government cryptologists may soon provide some answers.

No few number of law school deans suggest, in fact, that the entire school is tapped into a celestial source of power, particularly when referring to its consistently high ranking, when, as they say, everybody knows the only people who come here are farmboys, auto workers, and coastal refuse. But the temerity with which they typically present their views bespeaks suspicion of something much greater.

Biologists have raised another issue: What to make of these aggressive, non-hibernating squirrels? Custodians of the fortress? Groundskeepers of the landing pad? Chroniclers and relayers of information? Earthly confederates, or real extra-terrestrials who think it's better to look good than to act like a rodent?

Indeed, many experts find proof of the visitors' presence in modern times in the very behavior of the "Club's" human denizens. It is by no means alleged that they maintain extra-terrestrial relationships or even that they are aware of oddities afoot; their subliminal detections, however, effect startling biological alterations. Apparently the electromagnetic charge generated by the visitors, or perhaps their ships, envelops the unsuspecting young adults in heat, counteracting their natural pheromonal responses and preventing them from jumping all over each other as one would expect; yes, unnatural revulsion is often the case. Their consumption habits are altered as well, driving them to fast eighteen consecutive hours for each six they avail themselves of nourishment. If, as some contend, this behavior reflects no less than an adoption of the alien mindset, our visitors may be something resembling asexual camels. But, of course, it would be ludicrous to engage too heavily in speculation.

Clueless as they are, however, the students have long been aware of other paranormalities in the "Club," periodically reporting wholesale transmutation of the printed letter, involving unaccountable conversions of say,

One of the most compelling sets of coincidence of our time? Undoubtedly. Chariots of the Gods? Possibly. Possibly a state of mind. And when you least suspect the arrival of the unknown but still find yourself not spending too much time blocking the southeast opening, you'll know you've attained it.

Law Student Geeks: an Undergrad Horror Story

By Doug Graham

Hi, I'm Debbie. You probably don't know me, but I've seen most of you. I studied at the Law Library Reading Room last term and was able to watch how all of you first years changed. No, I'm not one of your groupies or those women who prance around with their sorority's name printed on the back of their sweats. You know, like that one called MMM — "Tri-M, you'll like M." I really come to the law library to study, not just to scope.

I didn't study at "the Law" my first two years at U of M. Until this year, the other libraries were fine. Starting in late September, however, studying at the other libraries wasn't as restful. At these libraries, I'd run into Senior friends who were absolutely panicking. They had just realized that the fun and games were almost over and were searching madly for "the perfect job" for when they graduated. The "law" was different. The first year law students were calm when I snuck underground or saw them in the snack bar. They told me that waiting for classes to

begin was scary, but when the 5-page Criminal Law assignment lasted for a month, they knew things would be fine. They'd hang out for 3 years, go to Uno's on Thursdays, play frisbee in the Quad, get on the Law Review, and then be fought over by these things called Large-Corporate-Law-Firms that loved to spend money on their young associates and give them offices with beautiful views of downtown. Needless to say, this was the type of place I could relax and study. Everyone was friendly and no one was worried.

As the year went on, I noticed less people talked about Uno's and frisbee and more about their classes. Conversations about sports and parties became lectures on assumed risks and political discussion took on constitutional overtones. First years cut out all the unnecessary diversions — sleep, showers, talking to me. More of them seemed to look older and uglier than I had originally thought; everywhere I looked were balding, overweight 1L's with glasses — fortunately, most of them were men.

The work level was getting heavier. Some

dreaded soon-to-be assigned 40 page papers which were called "briefs." It would be for a class called "Case Club" — short for "Basket Case," I think. That's what one guy looked like when he realized every Pacific Reporter had been hidden for his 15 page "memo."

I only went out once with a law student. That wasn't too weird because most of them never seemed to go out after November. It was a Friday night, two weeks before finals, and I had a paper to finish. This 1L who I knew pretty well came up from his carrel on S-2 and walked up to me. He had forgotten his watch and asked me what day it was. After living on Diet Coke, Fritos, and 1-A-Day vitamins for a week, he had gotten a weird craving for meat while rereading *Budley* and *Stephens* and asked me if I'd join him for a pizza.

We went to Uno's — the basement part. It wasn't until he began to complain that the food was taking too long that I noticed his eyes. Oh, the fact that they were red and bloodshot didn't bother me. No, it was that

panicky look — the one my Senior friends always had — which I noticed. He was just like my friends who I tried to avoid by studying at the law — only worse. My friends were at least able to blow off classes and tests while trying to find good jobs. This guy was sending out resumes to every firm with a "&" in their name for just a summer job while keeping up with his prof's rapidly accelerating courseload. He put his Civil Procedure book away when the pizza came.

After dinner, we walked back towards the Quad. I had never seen a room there, so I asked to come along while he picked up a needed book. When we got to his room, I waded through the Gilbert Outlines, hornbooks and overdue library books on his floor to the only uncovered piece of furniture — his bed. He freaked. "You'll have to leave. My study group would kill me if they knew I wasn't devoting all my energies to my Torts outline."

I study at the Med now. As long as you don't mention lawyers, they're relaxed and friendly.

Law In The Raw

By Mark Berry and Lionel Glancy

Embarrassing Moments III

Here's another one from the file of embarrassing summer associatestories:

A group of summer associates from Sullivan and Cromwell were on their way to a party at one of the senior partner's apartments. They arrived at the building and announced the purpose of their visit to the doorman who gave them the apartment number.

The group was met at the door by a woman who introduced herself. She escorted them into the living room. After downing a drink, members of the group began to

realize that the people at the party in no way seemed familiar to them. Indeed, they determined they had entered the wrong apartment and the wrong party.

After sneaking out, the embarrassed summer associates managed to find their party directly above the one they had crashed. The party they had mistakenly walked into was one given by one of the senior partners at Cravath.

Anonymous 31.

An Adequate Award

A 40-foot fishing boat, the "Amber Marie," was eight miles off the coast of California when its captain noticed smoke

billowing out of the boat's engine. The captain summoned for help from any other vessel in the area.

A 105-foot yacht, "Adequate Award," came to the tiny fishing boat's rescue. Upon examination, it was discovered there had been no fire, but the "Amber Marie's" captain did not want to take any chances. The yacht then towed the distressed boat into Santa Barbara's harbor.

It turned out the 105-foot yacht was owned and operated by attorney Melvin Belli. Belli received a big award for his rescuing efforts: a 5 gallon bucket of sea urchins.

All of this goes to show, where there is smoke there may not be fire. But there will always be plaintiff's attorneys.

National Law Journal, April 22, 1985